

# Tea-Time on Sundays

OUR FATHER'S HOME

By . . .

FLORENCE

MOORE

**R**OUND the Sunday tea-table we will talk about Home. How we all love our Home! How nice to come back to it after being away; how quickly we run back from school on weekdays, so glad to see Mother's face at the door, greeting us with a kiss. On Sundays, Home seems nicer than on other days, for all is clean and bright, and Father is there too, and we have pleasant talks about what we have heard in Church or learned at Sunday School. For Sunday is God's Day, and we like then to think much about God, and to thank Him for all His love to us. Let us thank Him very much for giving us a Home. God has made a home for everything in this world. The rabbits have their homes in holes in the earth, bees fly to their hives, horses go to their stables, dogs to their kennels, even the little birds have nests, and safe branches in the trees where they can rest. God gives all these and many other creatures a home, but He cares still more about the homes of little boys and girls, who live—some in the country—some in big towns. God knows all about each home, and watches over every child in each. He loves to see a happy home, and it makes Him sad when He hears angry words, and sees cross looks, instead of kind words and smiles of peace. Shall we all try

this winter to be good and happy in our Homes, more like "Gentle Jesus"? If we do, we shall make Jesus glad. Jesus once said, "In My Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." The word "mansions" means homes. How kind of Jesus to get ready a lovely Home for us there! But only those can get to Our Father's Home who try to be good in their home on earth. Oh, let us all, dear children, do our best to get ready for our Home in Heaven, by trying to please God, and doing what is right at home. Shall we say this little prayer together? "O God our Father, we thank Thee for giving us a home on earth; we ask Thee to bless it and make us such good, loving children here, that at last we may live with Thee for ever in Thy beautiful Home above, for Jesus Christ's sake." Amen.

## HYMN TO LEARN.

When the sun is setting  
And the light has fled,  
Birds and beasts and children  
Want to go to bed.

So they all turn homewards,  
Tired out with play,  
Thanking God that bed-time  
Comes for all each day.

Now we thank Our Father  
For His loving care,  
For the home He gives us,  
Till His Home we share.

From "The Church's Garden."

# What Happened in the Night

By LUCY ASHTON

**I**SAY, Nurse," cried Dick, "you said a little while ago that we should have snow this winter, yet here we are, less than a week away from Christmas."

"Yes, Nurse," added a chorus of voices, "if the snow is coming, why doesn't it come?"

They were all at play in the Nursery—Dick, Walter, Nettie and the rest, and time goes so fast when we are at play that the bed hour comes round before we expect it. Truth to tell, the games had lasted so long that everyone in the Nursery had become a little tired. Nurse knew this quite well.

"My dears," said she, "do you know it is seven o'clock? All little people must get ready for bed."

"Yes, but what about the snow?" cried Dick.

"The snow will come in its proper time," said Nurse.

"If December is not the proper time," put in Walter, "I should like to know what is."

And all the others felt the same as Walter did, so that poor Nurse had a troublesome crowd to put to bed that night, but in the end they were all snugly tucked away dreaming of coming Christmas.

When the first bright beam of the

wintry sun stole into Dick's bedroom the next morning he got up at once and went to the window. It was just seven o'clock. Only twelve hours had passed away since he had been cross to Nurse because the snow had not



Seven o'clock.



come. But now his eyes opened wide with wonder, for a wonderful sight lay before him. All the world was dazzling white. Trees, fields, hills and houses were covered with snow several inches deep. With a cry of joy Dick ran from the room, and bursting open the doors of the rooms

in which the other children slept, he cried:

"Get up, get up! The snow has come! It has fallen silently all the night, and covered the world."

And before he was dressed all the other children were ready to go out and enjoy this beautiful new wonder,

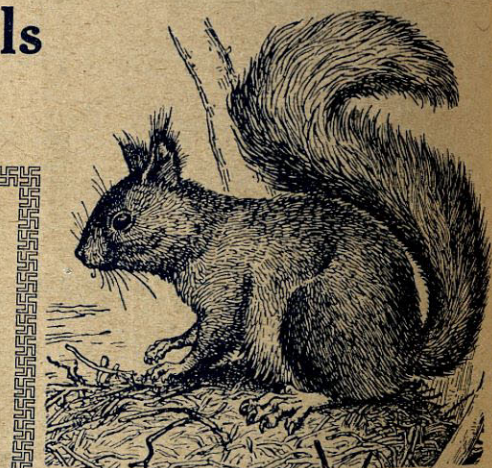
## When the Animals Go to Bed

"DEAR me!" said Mr. Hedgehog, "I think the summer must be nearly over, for the wind seems very cold this evening. Perhaps it is time I got my blankets; booked for a nice cosy bed, and put myself to sleep till the winter is gone."



Mr. Hedgehog remembers that it is time for him to go to bed.

With that he trotted away to a little wood that he knew, and finding a number of dry leaves under a



Mrs. Squirrel.

tree, he rolled himself over and over among them. Of course this made a lot of them stick to the prickles that grow all over his body.

"That will do," said Mr. Hedgehog. "With such a nice blanket round me, I will creep under this

bank of dead leaves, and sleep till the warm spring comes again."

And so he did. About the same time Mrs. Squirrel began filling her larder in an old tree with fine, ripe nuts, and when she had enough to stop her from getting hungry all through the winter she, too, curled herself up in a cosy nook, and was sung to sleep by the cold and stormy wind. Near by there was another little bed made of pine needles. It was shaped like a ball, the needles being cleverly woven together, and right in the middle, as snug as any little boy or girl under the downy counterpanes, lay Master Dormouse. He is always rather a sleepy fellow, and for some time past had been getting

his bed ready; for he likes to spend quite half the year asleep. So Mr. Hedgehog and Mrs.



Master Dormouse.

Squirrel were attending to business in the garden long after he had crawled lazily to bed, and they will be up again before he has left off dreaming.



## Little Red Ridinghood

Little Red Ridinghood, brave as could be Once walked through a forest, her Granny to see.

But old is the tale, and it's perfectly plain That no one will care to be told it again. "Yes, yes, let us hear it! We know it quite well, But stories so old are the nicest to tell."

Then Little Red Ridinghood soon, on her way Was met by a Wolf. He was cunning and grey. But what happened next is so perfectly clear That no one will ask me to mention it here. "Yes, yes! Do not stop! For you ought to have guessed This part of the story is always the best."

The cunning old Wolf to Red Ridinghood said: "I'll show you the way, if you choose to be led." But every one knows what her answer would be, So why I should write it I really don't see. "Dear, dear, what a pity! 'Tis sadness to miss The end of a story so charming as this."

JOHN LEA.





## WHEN THE SNOW CAME DOWN

THEY were coming home from school, Dora Burton and her little sister Nita. They had a long way to walk, but Father had promised to meet them half-way with his trap and old Jack the pony. So they trudged bravely along, and tried not to notice how dark it was getting. Suddenly Nita put out her hand: "I've caught a white fairy," she said, "Oh see, it's gone into water." "It's snowing," cried Dora. "Oh, Nita, whatever shall we do?" In a few minutes the soft flakes were falling thick and fast, and there was no sign of Father. All at once they heard a dog barking.

"That is Farmer Derrick's Rover," said Dora. "I saw him chained in the yard close to the

road this morning. Run, Nita, we will get into his kennel with him, and watch for Father." How they ran! Rover had a big tub for a kennel, and he seemed rather surprised when the two little girls climbed in and nestled close to him, but he was a dear gentle dog, and they knew very well that he would not bite them. Presently they heard the sound of horse's feet, and saw old Jack come round the corner. "Father, Father!" cried little Nita, and of course Daddy stopped at once, picked them up, and took them home. When the snow was gone, Dora and Nita brought Rover a nice parcel of bones, and you can just think how pleased he was, for he wagged his tail with joy.



By permission of

The two little girls climbed in and nestled close to him.

[Savoy, Bristol.]





## Tea-time on Sundays

### OUR DAILY BREAD



**H**ERE we are once again round the Sunday tea-table, ready to enjoy Mother's home-made cakes and scones. We will say "grace" before we begin. The word "grace" means "thanks." Whom do we thank? You have held up your hands, so I see you know. Yes! we thank God, our kind, loving Father, Who makes the corn to grow, by which we have flour for our daily bread, and cakes besides. In our last talk we saw how God gives every living thing a home, but more than this, He feeds everything—flowers, plants, birds, fishes, beasts, insects, men, women and little children. It is from God that every single thing we have—comes. God does not like to see His gifts wasted—bread crusts thrown about, or children dainty over their food. Since the war, bread and all kinds of things to eat, cost much more money to buy, so we must save every scrap, so that we shall have enough for ourselves, and something to spare for some hungry little children, who have not got such a good home as we

have. It will be a hard winter for some poor children, so let us save up our pennies and put them in a box, so that when Christmas comes we can go with Mother to buy them something nice to eat, and take it to them. That will be doing like Jesus did. Long ago He fed a crowd of hungry people with only five loaves and two small fishes. He made enough out of their food to feed five thousand; little children were there too (Matt. xiv. 21). After tea let us fetch the Bible, and ask Father or Mother to read us the story in St. John vi. 5-14. Before the meal Jesus said grace, and after it was over all the scraps of broken food were picked up, to be given by the disciples to poor people next day. This Jesus did to show that no food should ever be wasted.

When we pray "Our Father" every day, we say, "Give us this day our 'daily bread,'" which means we ask for food for our bodies and food for our souls. Jesus said, "I am the Bread of life," and He gives us food by which our souls live and grow, even His own dear presence in our hearts to make us good and kind and holy.



This is the way those bad girls at Mrs. Kittykat's school played tricks on passers by. "Oh dear! how it rains," cried Mrs. Bunny as she hurried by. "I shall quite spoil my new frock."

But when Master Jumbo, who was not wearing a hat, came along on his way to school, they tried the same naughty game with him, but with somewhat different results.

Master Jumbo soon turned the water on them, and they got so wet, and the jug was broken, too. Wasn't Mrs. Kittykat angry, and she stopped all their pocket money for a month.

Mildred C. Hunter.



# Pilly-Willie & Winkle-Pop

I  
**P**ILLY-WILLIE was a brave,  
bad, clever, foolish  
mouse, and Winkle-Pop  
was a Dutch doll who lived at  
her father's mill  
in High-low  
Land.

One day Pilly-  
Willie said to  
himself :

"I will go and  
see if Winkle-  
Pop would like  
to come with me  
to look for great  
adventures,"  
So brushing his  
clothes and  
tucking his  
banjo under his  
arm, away he  
went, as proud  
as could be till he came to the mill  
on the top of the hill, and hiding  
himself in a dark corner began

to play and sing, as only a bad  
clever, foolish mouse knows how.

"Winkle-Pop, Winkle-Pop, here am I waiting,  
Deep in this corner where no one can see,  
Say, will you roam, from your beautiful home,  
Over the world with my banjo and me?"



Pilly-Willie and Winkle-Pop.

And before the  
last note of the  
song had died  
away, Winkle-  
Pop's round red  
face was peeping  
into the dark  
corner. She had  
come on the tips  
of her wooden  
toes so that no  
one might hear,  
and she whis-  
pered in a way  
that only a  
thoughtless  
Dutch doll  
knows how :

"I am here, I am here, my  
dear Pilly-Willie, and will go  
with your banjo and you every-



where the wind blows." So they went. Down the green hill, side by side, into the valley and over the bridge; along the dusty road, round all the bends until they came at last to the town of Pscfltwd, better known as Get-alongwell.

"Now for fun!" said Pilly-Willie, "I will play on my banjo, and when the crowd come round to listen, you must dance, and then they will give us some money to buy our dinner with."

"But can't we have any dinner unless I dance?" said Winkle-Pop, looking very sad.

"Not a bite," said Pilly-Willie.

"I thought you were rich?" sighed Winkle-Pop.

"This is a very good place to dance in," said her brave, bad, clever friend, "Let us begin at once."

But with the first note from his banjo, Winkle-Pop turned away.

"Very well!" cried Pilly-Willie, "if you won't help me to earn any money, I shall have to rob the grocer's stall for something to eat. There is Mrs. Dill across the square selling cheese and onions,"

And before Winkle-Pop could stop him he had darted away to Mrs. Dill's stall. Snatching up a fine large cheese, he carried it off, though Winkle-

Pop tried her best to stop him. Mrs. Dill called loudly for help, and soon a large crowd were running after the two thieves, for as Winkle-Pop hurried away with Pilly-Willie, of course every one thought she was as bad as him. Down the street and round the corner they ran, Mrs. Dill



Snatching up a fine large cheese he carried it off.

and all her friends—the Baker, the Grocer, the Milkman, the Butcher and the little Pig who sold toffee in the market place, chased them as fast as they could. But, panting and breathless, they soon left the town of Getalongwell far behind them and were out in the fields again.

"I think you have behaved very badly," said Winkle-Pop

with a pout. "And I'm going home."

"And I'm going to eat the cheese," replied Pilly-Willie, the clever and bad, "Good-bye!"

And so they parted, and a few minutes later Winkle-Pop was climbing the long green hill to her father's mill.

JOHN LEA.

Another tale of Pilly-Willie and Winkle-Pop next month.



MIXING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING



# When Cousin Mabel Comes

WE got up early this morning because we knew that Cousin Mabel was coming, and when Cousin Mabel comes, she always makes us happy.

I was first at the bedroom window, and as I peeped out into the garden below, I saw Cousin Mabel walking up the path with a basket of flowers in her arms.

"There she is!" I cried. "Come on, Madge! Let's be as quick as we can!"

At that moment Nurse came into the room.

"So a lazy boy can get up quickly when he likes," said she. "I had to call you three times yesterday morning, Tom."

I know what she meant, but all I said was, "Forgive me, Nursie. Mabel has come, and is going to take us for a walk through the fields to her father's mill."

In no time after that we were all having breakfast, and in no time after that, we were out with Mabel in the sunny meadows. A jolly walk among the buttercups soon brought us in sight of the mill, and I ran on in front to be the first to get there.

I love the mill and the fun we have there, and Cousin Mabel is always willing to take us; so how can you wonder

that I say it always makes us happy when Cousin Mabel comes?

C. WEBB.



Mabel, with a basket of flowers in her arms.

# The Animals' Holiday

AS the children have holidays to come and look at us," said the animals in the Zoo, "why should we not have a holiday to go and look at them?"

So they left their cages one and all, and away they went before any one could stop them. But they did not go to look at the children.

"I'm for a scamper on the common," said the Lion.

"So am I," said the Camel.

"I shall take a walk by the river," said the Stork, "and watch the frogs at play."

"We will ramble in an opposite direction," said a party of Fancy Mice, "and look at the wonders of London town."

"You can do as you like," said the pompous Porcupine, "but give me a ride in a railway train."

And he took it.

"I shall spend all my holiday having a lovely bathe in a pool," said the Polar Bear. "That's finer fun than the rest of you will have."

"I doubt it," said the Giraffe, "for I am going to visit a picture gallery

with my friend the Guineapig. I shall see the pictures near the top of the wall, and he will look at those near the bottom. In

this way nothing will be missed. See?"

So each spent his day as he wished to do, but at the end of it they must have all gone back to the Zoo, because not one was missing when I went there to pay them a visit less than a week ago.

B. MERRY.



The porcupine had a train ride.



"The wonders of London town."



The stork goes to look the frogs.



The Polar Bear.

